PETHERICK'S PERIL

Each scory of the Shelton Cotton Factory is fifteen feet between floors; there are seven such over the basement, and this rises six feet above the ground. The brick walls narrow to eight inches as they ascend, and form a parapet rising above the roof. One of the time-keepfrs in the factory, Jack Hardy, a young man about my own age, often runs along the brick work, the practice giving him a singular delight that has seemed to increase with his proficiency in it. Having been a clerk in the works from the beginning, I have frequently used the parapet for a fost-path, and although there was a sheer fall of one hundred feet to the ground, have done it with ease and without dizziness, Occasionally Hardy and I have run races, on the opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I became timid with increase of pace.

opposite walls, an exercise in which I was invariably beaten, because I became timid with increase of pace.

Hopelessly distanced last Wednesday, while the men were off at neon, I gave up midway, and looking down, observed the upturned face of an old man, gazing at me with parted lips, wide eyes, and an expression of horror so startling that I involuntarily stepped down to the bricklayers platform inside. I then saw that the apparently frightened spectator was Mr. Petherick, who has been for some weeks paymaster and factorum for the contractors.

"What's the matter, Petherick!" I called down. He made no answer, but walking off rapidly disappeared round the mill. Curious about his demeanor, I descended, and after some little seeking, found him smoking alone.

"You quite frightened me just now, Petherick," said I. "Did you think I was a ghost !"

"Not just that," he replied, sententionsly.

"Not just that, either," suid he. The old man was clearly dismerined to talk, and apparently much agitated. I began to joke him about his lugubrious expression, when the I o'clock bell rang, and he shuffled off hastily to another quarter.

Though I puzzled awhile over the incident, it soon passed so entirely from my mind that I was surprised when, passing Petherick in the afternoon, intending to go aleft, he said, as I went by—

"Don't do it again, Mr. Frazer!"

"What!" I stopped.

"That!" he retorted.

"Oh! You mean running on the wall," said I.

"I mean going en it at all." he exclaimed. His

"That!" he retorted.

"Oh! You mean running on the wall," said I.

"I mean going on it at all!" he exclaimed. His earnestness was so marked that I conceived a strong interest in its cause.

"I'll make a bargain with you, Mr. Petherick. If you tell me why you advise me, I'll give the thing up!"

"I'll mac a day you advise me, I'll give the thing up!"

"Done!"-said he. "Come to my cottage this evening, and I'll tell you a strange adventure of my own, though perhaps you'll only laugh that it's the reason why it sickens me to see you fooling up there."

Petherick was ready to talk when Jack and I sat down on his doorstep that evening, and immediately launched into the following narrative:

"I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Coruwali. Milhous of seafowls make their neets along the face of those wave worn precipies. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket-money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest.

"When he had his basket full, they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundre! feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go."

"What ledge f" asked Jack.

let go."

"What ledge ?" asked Jack.

"Oh!" said Petherick, after a pause. "I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation." Then, after reflecting for some

situation. Then, after reflecting for some mounts know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At thany points one could drop six hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the claff wall is as though it had been eater away by seas once running in on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping, then, some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out fortice than that of the top; under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting further than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the occan is gradually, as they do yet, I am told, for the "You must know that most of the cliffs alon

as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea-fowls below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were millions on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out in terror, and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

"The weather was becautful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacut, lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

"Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the

still and very warm.
"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the "I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this, I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror! There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled! Forcibly I pressed back, and in a dissillooled along the ledge. The fissure was widening under my eyes, the rock before me scemed sinking ontward, and with a shudder and a groan and roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and five hundred feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

"Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a teeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth with a high, curling creatasold wall of water! It struck the yacht stern on plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of said, and swept her out of sight forever.

"Not till then did my thoughts dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopeles meass! Now my eyes clo-ed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped! I felt the sweening helplessuess of falling, and the cold, upward rush of art!

"Still I pressed hard back against the wall of

helplessness of falling, and the cold, upward rush of air!

"Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet!"

The old man paused long. Glancing sidewise at "Sck, I saw that his face was pallid. I myself had shuddered and grown cold—so strongly had my imagination realized the awful experience that Petherick described.

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words

shuddered and grown cold—so strongly had my imagination realized the awful experience that Petherick described.

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing! And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

"Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

"It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff, face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the

precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey!"

I nodded to him silently.

"Shullling sidewise very carefully, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. You have the brick line to keep eyes on as you walk along the factory wall; do you think you could move along it erect, looking down as you would have to? Yet it is only one hundred feet high. Imagine five more such walls on top of that and you trying to move sidewise—incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down, from end to end, yes, three times further! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not, in an eestasy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face-first at full length, clutch by your hands and with shut eyes feel your way? I longed to lie down and hield, but of course that was impossible."

"Still there was a wall at your back," observed Jack.

"That made it worse! The cliff seemed to press

Jack.

"That made it worse! The cliff seemed to pressoutward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward."

Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighting you slowly forward."

Ecode of sweat broke out over his white face at

ard." Beads of sweat broke out over his white face at

mountain apparently weighting you slowly forward."

Beads of sweat broke out over his white face at the horror he had called before him. Wiping his lips nervously with the back of his hand, and loosing askant, as at the narrow pathway, he paused long. I saw its cruel edge and the dark gleams of its abysmal water.

"I knew," he resumed, "that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face toward it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

"In the depth below the myriad sea-fowl then rested on the black water, which, though swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while further out it had begun to jump to whitecaps, and in beneath me, where I could not see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervaring roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had arisen. The ozean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but, save the deep murmur going out from far below my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still.

"Cautionsly I swang my right not before the other and carefully edged around. For an mstant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I fert that I must fail. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyse behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my cars and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

"Wild with fear, I thrust forward my bead against the ro

my eyebrows. - Far above the dead wall stretched. Sidewise *Far above the dead wan stretched. Stateways glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff-side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became form-sterms.

no rope! Aimighty God! and hast Thou deserted

"But what! Yes, it moves! it sways in sight! it "But what! Yes, it moves! it sways in sight! it disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—forfered deep thanks to my God for the delivery that seemed so near."

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent while, with closed eyes and bent head, he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of devoutness.

with closed eyes and bent head, he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of devoutness.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach! I feared not. Would it sway toward me! I could hope for that. But could I grasp it should I be saved! Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last! Or was it fastened to the accustome i stake! Was any comrade near who would summon and at my signal! it not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

"Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and nothing beyond that awful chilf. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was

that awful citil. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensition. And now for the decision of my fate! I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its swayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind, it swang outward as though the air were eddying from the wall.

"Now I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be

outward as though the air were eddying from the wall.

"Now I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death: that at lenst was clear.

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the hest moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the numan. Still the rope swaved as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyration by a strong leap.

"But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all time for hestation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

"By God's and I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice and again it gave, gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swing turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below.

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost con.ciousness.

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortinght in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering.

"So now you know the story, Mr. Frazer, and have had your last walk on the factory wall."

He spoke truer than he knew. His story has given

The people of Virginia want a permanent State Expo-

HISTORY AND FICTION.

EX-SENATOR WILKINSON CHALLENGES RECENT STATEMENTS MADE BY ADMIRAL PORTER.

Copuright, 1885.

In an article published over the signature of Admiral David D. Porter in January last, in The Trib-une and other newspapers, the writer gave a rendering of the historical events which attended President Lincoin's risit to Richmond, immediately after its surrer der to the Union forces, so inconsistent with fact and so belitting to the character of Mr. Lincoln, that I feel impelled to set the matter right. My own share in the matter was such as to make me perfectly cognizant of the exact facts.

Hefore, however, making a statement with its acc

panying vouchers, it will be proper to repeat the gist of Admiral Porter's account of the transaction, which it is Admiral Porters account of the transactions as specially important to correct. The Admiral stated that on the day after Mr. Lincoln's arrival at Richmond, the President then being on his flag-ship, the Malvern, General Weitzel, the officer in immediate command of the Union force occupying the city, accompanied by the Union force occupying the city, accompanied by John H. Campbell, of Virginia, formerly a United States Supreme Court Judge, came on board. After an interview with Mr. Lincoln they left, and the President temarked to Admiral Porter: "Admiral, I am sorry you were not here when Mr. Campbell was on board. He has gone on shore happy. I gave him a written permission to gillow the Virginia Lincoln. has gone on snore happy. I gave him a winder of the Capitol in the absence of all other Government." At this the Admirni expressed his amazement, and ventured a respectful but decided dissent in these words: "Mr. President, I suppose you remember that this city is under military jurisdiction, and that no courts, Legislature or civil authority can exercise any power without the sanction of the General commanding the army. This order of yours should go through General Grant, who would inform you that Riehmond was under martial law, and, I am sure, he would protest against this arrangement of Mr. Campbell."

We ware then told that the President's common sense immediately saw the point and he took steps at once to rescind the order, with the remark: "Well, I came near ocking all the fat into the fire, didn't I ?"

Receind the order, with the remark: well, the resident I in the fire, didn't I in The Admiral, in his narrative, continues as follows:

To make things sure I had an order written to General Weltzel, and signed by the President, as follows:

"Return my permission to the Legislature of Virginia to meet, and don't allow it to meet at all." There was a fruit wagon at the landing, and glying the order to an officer, I said to him: "Jump into that wagon and kill the horse, if necessary, but eatch the carriage which carried General Weltzel and Mr. Campbell, and deliver this order to the General." The carr axe was caught before it reached the city. The old fruit wagon horse had been a trotter in his day, and went his three natures. The General and Mr. Campbell were surprised. The President's order was sent back, and they never returned to try and reverse the President's decision.

Of course the plain implication of all this is that Mr. Lincoln was saved from doing a most foolish and impositic thing by the interference of Admiral Porter. Now let us see what the exact facts in the matter were.

In the early part of April, 1865, as soon after the

In the early part of April, 1865, as soon after the

evacuation of Richmond as we could obtain transporta-tion, some gentlemen in Washington and myself got a vesset from Mr. Stanton and started down the river.
We met Mr. Lincoln coming from Richmond on a Government vessel under command of Admiral Porter, at
City Point on the 6th of April, 1865. He gave me a letter and requested me to take it to General Weitzel at Richmond, who was in command of the Union forces in that city. I arrived in Richmond on the morning of the 7th of April. I took the letter immediately to the headquarters of the army at Richmond, and delivered it to General Weitzel. After that I was anxious to look General Weitzel. After that I was anxious to look around the city, and went on one of the back streets. I do not remember its name, but it was the most popular and fashionable portion of the city. The business part had all been destroyed by fire. In walking along the street I came to a very large, fishionable church, I should think, and services were being conducted there. I walked in, sat down, and found the church filled with women. I think every one of them was dressed in black, and I am sure that there was not a feather, or a ribnon of any color to be observed on any one of th ladies. They appeared to be very cultured and refined people. In the church were prolably about twenty-five or thirty officers of the Confederate army. I saw no ther men there than those who were the Confederate uniform. These officers had evidently just returned

home from Lee's army.

It was a highly interesting sight to me. I was not a much interested in what took place in the church, the church service, indeed, being near its conclusion when f went in, as I saw in the appearanees of the people. It looked like a funeral, for the people were sad and metancholy. I stood there as the people came out of the church; they passed on a little way and then turned to look at me, evidently believing that I was a Northern man. The appearance of the officers, their uniforms, etc., indicated that they were among the higher and more cultivated officers of the Confederate army, for they all appeared to be gentlemen.

Strolling along the streets a little way I returned after a while to the headquarters of General Weitzel. While I was taken they are taken to be a second or the policy of the streets as the streets as the streets as the streets as the street was taken to be a second or the streets as the streets as the street was taken to be a street as the street. ancholy. I stood there as the people came out of the

was there there was a talk about convening the rebel Legislature, or about their meeting. I do not remember the exact conversation now, but I understood that the subject of the meeting of the Legislature was being con-Weitzel from Mr. Lincoln. In that letter he had given permission to the members of the Legislature to meet, provided they did not attempt to do any act which would be against the interests of the General Government.

ation I remember, came up of issuing rations to the people of Richmond. The overd was made, while re, that rations should be issued to the people and the next morning I went down to the Commissar office, where the quartermaster's stores were delivered. There I saw a very queer sight. There were negroes men and women; laboring white men and women, and women who had the appearance of being cultivated people. Some la lies were present with little negro girls. carrying baskets as they had undoubtedly been doing in former days when going to and from market. These baskets were intended to get rations drawn from the general Government, sufficient to last them for the day. The scene itself, and the general appearance of the city. were such as to take all the bitterness out of a man' belings, if he had any, no matter how extreme a Union man he may have been, or how much of an abolitions

I think that Mr. Lincoln appreciated this state of things fully, and while he was not willing that anything ahould be done that would cause the loss of a single drop of blood to the Union army, still I think it was very gratifying to him to have an opportunity to do acts of kindness to that people, and to get them back into the Union again with the same kindly relations that existed between them personally before the war broke out. 1 think that was the great desire of his heart, and yet h was too shrewd a man to allow his affections, or his heart, to get the advantage of his judgment. He was accessions which he offered them he was careful to include such qualifications as this " You shall not use this paper that I grant you, against the Government the moment you do it, then it is to be considered as with-drawn." Such was Mr. Lincoln. I think the whole cor-respondence connected with the scenes that took place mmedialely after the fall of Richmond, show this very conclusively. The papers which I am about to cite when grouped together, will prove that Admiral Porter is mistaken entirely in regard to the facts. They canno be as Admiral Portor stated them in his second article, entitled "Lincoln at Richmond," published in the papers of the country. When I read that article, I knew that it could not be true that Mr. Lincoln had given permission for the State Legislature to convene, and then had taken it back as suddenly as Admiral Porter claims in his article. Mr. Lincoln was too cautious a man to do that. The whole thing had been discussed over several months before in a conference that took place in the James River, between Mr. Stephens, Judge Campbell, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln, when propo sitions were made and considered. It was proposed to have some settlement of the affair, and Mr. Lincoln at that time said: "Before we commence this talk one thing must be considered, and that is that you gentlemen must acknowledge the authority of the United States; until that is done we cannot have any talk." That they

Adimral Porter is certainly mistaken in his statement because the rermission was not given to General Weitzel in Richmond, nor to Mr. Campbell, but it was given to me at City Point. I have since searched the records, and inquired of Colonel Scott, who is in charge of the War Records Office, and through his courtesy was enabled to find the original letter to General Weitzel which reads as follows:

which reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
CITY POINT, April 6, 1895.

MAJOR-GENERAL WEITZEL, Eichmond, Fa.

It has been intimated to me that the gentlemen who have acted as the Legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion may now desire to assemble at Liebnond, and take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops, and their support from resistance to the general Government. If they attempt k, give them permission and protection, until, if at all, they attempt some action hostile to the United States, in which case you will notify them, give them reasonable time to leave, and at the end of which time arrest any who remain.

Allow Judge Campbell to see this, but don't make it public.

Yours, etc.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I was present at the time this letter was written at

City Point.

Mr. Lincoln, after this letter was written, did not return from City Point to Richmond. I went from City Point to Richmond, and remained at Richmond three days. I arrived on the morning of the 7th. Mr.

Lincoln, as I said, returned to Washington. This fact appears from a letter which reads as follows:

Lincoln, as I said, returned to Washington. This fact appears from a letter which reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMES OF THE UNITED STATES,

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, is the field.

Secretary Seward was thrown from his carriage yesterday and seriously injured. This, with other matters, will take me to Washington soon. I was at Richmond yesterday, and the day before when and where Judge Campbell, who was with Measra. Hunter and Stephens in February, called on me, and made such representations as induced me to put in his hands an informal paper, repeating the propositions in my letter of instructions to Mr. Saward, which you remember, and adding "that if the war be no further persisted in by the rebelaconfiscated property shall at the least bear the additional cost, and that confectation shall be remitted to the people of any State which will now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops and other support from the resistance of the Government."

Judge Campbell thought it not impossible that the rebel legislature of Virginia would do the latter, if permitted, and accordingly I addressed a private letter to General Weitzel, with permission to Judge Campbell to see it, telling him General W.) that if they attempt this to permit and protect them, unless they attempt something hostile to the United States, in whice case to give them notice and time to leave, and to arrest any remaining after such time.

I do not think it very probable that anything will come of this, but I have thought best to notify you, so that if you should see signs, you may understand them.

From your recen' dispatches, it seems that you are pretty effectually withdrawing the Virginia troops from opposition to the Government. No.hung that I have done, or probably shall do, is to delay, hinder or interfere with your work.

Your struit.

Now, from this it appears that Mr. Lincoln was not in Richmond after he wrote that letter, authorizing the

Now, from this it appears that Mr. Lincoln was not in Richmond after be wrote that letter, authorizing the rebel Legislature to meet. I refer to the letter of the 6th to General Wentzel. All that part, therefore, of Admiral Porter's statement referring to the fruit wagon, and to the three minute horse, going at a rapid gait, and overtaking Judge Campbell and General Weitzel, and demanding a return of that letter, is pure fiction. The records in Colonel Scott's office, show beyond all doubt that there is no truth in it.

Mr. C. A. Dana, who was then Assistant Secretary of War, saw the letter which I bore from Mr. Lincoln to General Weitzel on the 7th of April, 1805, as appears from his dipatch to the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War; and he also saw the paper given to Judge Campbell.

This cipher dispatch of Mr. Dana to Mr. Stanton is dated Richmond, Va., April 7, 1865, 6 p. m., and reads as follows:

dated Richmond, Va., April 7, 1865, 6 p. m., and reads as follows:

Meeting of five members of the Virginia Legislature held here to-day upon the President's proposition to Judge Campbell. The President showed me the papers confidentially to-day. They are two in number; one without address, the other letter to General I. Weitzel. The one states sine qua non of reunion, but does not differ essentially from previous statements. The second authorized Weitzel to allow members of the body elaming to be the Legislature of Virginia soldiers from rebel armies with safe-conduct to them so long as they say and do nothing hostile to the United State.

Judge Campbell laid these papers before the five men who met twice, but it am not anvised that they took any action. The President told me this morning that Sheridan seemed to be getting the Virginia soldiers out of the war faster than this Legislature could think.

By the way, the troops captured by General Sheridan yesterday were those that left Richmond Sunday night. They formed Lee's rear guard. Weitzel has not yet begun issuing rations. He acts under General Dri's orders, approved by General Grant. He is to pay for rations by selling captured property. Before teginning he is to register the people and give no one anything who does not take the oath.

He has authorized the churches to be opened next Sunday on condition that no disloyal sermons be preached. Episcopal ministers required to read the prayer for the President.

Ealiroad from here to Fetersburg opened to-day.

All the French tobacco—six warchouses full—saved and one burnt here.

All the Freign tobacco-six warehouses this saved.

At Petersburg all saved.

C. A. Dana.

From my recollection of the facts, and if I am correct in them, and I think from these papers there can be no mistake about that, Mr. Dana must have seen Mr. Lincoln, either on the boat or at City Point on the morn-state of the same than the same t ing of the 7th; and afterward he must have gone to headquarters at Richmond, Va., where he saw the

papers described in his dispatch to Mr. Stanton.

As further evidence that Admiral Porter is onlirely mistaken in saying that the order permitting the Legislature to meet was withdrawn at City Point, as described by him in his article referred to, I will state that I have found a cipher dispatch from Mr. Llucoln to General Weitzel, dated April 12, 1865. That dispatch is as follows:

That dispatch is as follows:

Major-General Weitzel, Richmond, Va.

I have seen your dispatch to Colonel Hardie about the matter of prayers. I do not remember hearling prayers spoken of while I was in Richmond, but I have no doubt you have acted in what appears to you to be the spirit and temper manifested by me while there.

Is there any sign of the rebel Legislature coming together on the understanding of my letter to you? I If there is any such sign, inform me what it is. If there is no such sign, you may withdraw the offer.

A. Lincoln. A. LINCOLN.

In reply to this, General Weitzel sends, in cipher, the following dispatch:
RICHMOND, VA., Noon, April 12, 1865.
Ris Excellency A. LANCOLN, President of the Unite

States.
You spoke of not pressing little points. You said you would not order me, but if you were in my place you would not press them. The passports have gone out for the Legislature, and it is common talk that they will come together.
GODFREY WEITZEL, Major-General Commanding.

Then comes a cipher dispatch from Mr. Lincoln to General Weltzel, on the 12th of April, six days after the original letter, in which he recalls the authority to permit the Legislature of Virginia to meet. It is a long dispatch, relating to several different subjects, and only quote such portions of it as bear upon this point:

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1865.
MAJOR-GENERAL WRITZEL, Richmond, Va. MAJOR-GENERAL WEITZEL, Richmond, Va.

I have just read Judge Campbell's letter to you. He
assumes that I have called the insurgent Legislature of
Virginia together as the rightful Legislature of the State,
to settle all differences with the United States. I have
done no suchthing. I spoke of them not as a Legislature
but as "the gentlemen who have acted as the Legislature
of Virginia in support of the rebellion."

Inasmuch as Judge Campbell misconstrues this, and is still pressing for an armistice, contrary to the explicit statements of the paper I gave him, and particularly as General Grant has since captured the Virginia troops, so that their giving an instruction for the withdrawal is no longer applicable, let my letter to you, and the paper to Judge Campbell tooth be withdrawn or countermanded, and he be notified of it. Don't allow them to assemble.

A. Liscoux.

Mr. Lincoln, it would appear from this last dispatch, makes al distinction between the letter written to General Weitzel, authorizing the convening of the Legislature, and the paper given to Judge Campbell. nowhere distinctly appears what the contents of that letter to Judge Campbell were, but from those dispatches it does appear very clearly that they were not withdrawn or countermanded until the 12th of April, 1865, in the dispatch last referred to, which was sent from

Washington to Weitzel, in Richmond. In Raymond's "Life and Public Services and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln," page 63, it is stated, "As Lee surrendered the remains of his army to General Grant on Sunday, April 9, that reason no longer existed. and on the 12th General Weitzel received a telegram from the President in Washington, to annul the call, as

the necessity for it had passed." I think that it pretty conclusively appears that Admiral Porter is entirely mistaken in the romantic account which he has given of this matter, in his article above referred to.

My attention was called to this matter recently by a letter forwarded to me from my home in Minnesota, written by Ben. E. Green, son of General Duff Green. The letter is as follows:

The letter is as follows:

DALTON, WHITFFELD CO., GA., 27th March, 1885.

How. Morris S. Whitsison, Mankato, Morri.

DEAR SUR: I find among the papers left by my father, General Duff Green, one, purporting to be a copy of President Lincoln's letter to Genera. Weitzel, authorizing him to convenie the Legislature, dated 6th April, 1885, and on it an indorsement as follows: "Handed to Senator Wilkinson, at City Point, who delivered it to General Weitzel, at Richmond, on the 7th."

Please inform me whether you are the Senator Wilkinson mentioned in this indorsement, and if so, whether the facts and dates are correctly stated therein. An immediate reply will greatly oblige.

Your obsellent servant, Ben. E. Green.

As Admiral Porter gave in the same article to which I have referred a very graphic description of an inter-

I have referred a very graphic description of an inter-view between Mr. Lincoln and Duff Green on board his ship at Richmond, after the interview with Judge Campbell and General Westzel, I infer that Mr. Ben. E. Green, the author of this letter, and the son of Duff Green, had his attention called to this matter in conse quence of the account which was given in Admiral When I first came to Washington in 1859, I became

acquainted with General Duff Green. He had been a noted man in the politics of the country some years before that, teing. I believe, an old friend of Andrew Jackson, and in Jackson's time and Van Buren's a very prominent politician. Those who read Admiral Porter's paper will recall his account of the boarding of the Malvern by General Duff Green, who is painted as a gigantic scarecrow; how the latter abused and insuited the President with the most

outrageous violence of language; and finally, how Mr. Lincoln administered a withering rebuke, and ordered the insolent rebel ashore. If there is as much romance and as little truth in the description of the scene between Duff Green and Mr. Lincoln, as there was in his account of the recovery of the permission which he had given to Weitzel, and the three-minute borse in a fruit wagon, I should think that very tittle reliance could be placed upon the statement

of that transaction as given by Admiras Porter. Another reason that called my attention more partie ularly to this, or that made a deeper impression upon my mind on reading the article of Admirat Perter's, was, that from my long acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, and knowledge of his character, the representation which he

gave of the whole affair was contrary to all previous opinious which I had formed of Mr. Lincoln's prudence caution, ability and great good sense. I did not believe that Mr. Lincoln would ever permit such indiscretion, or, as Admiral Porter says, "Put his foot in lt," where it would become necessary for Admiral Porter, or any other officer of the Government, to rescue him from the just contempt of the people of the North.

Mr. Lincoln was a very sagacious man. While apparently exceedingly frauk, he was a diplomatist as well as a great executive man. He was an able lawyer, and he had for years cultivated his mind before he became President, in carefully weighing evidence; in looking his cases over with great cure and caution before he ventured an opinion in his law practice. He was not a heedless and careless man, as this article would represent him to be, and I doubt whether any statesman in this country ever acted with more caution, more deribection and with better sense than did Mr. Lincoln all through his negotiations with the pecule of the South at the time mentioned by Admiral Porter, or previous to that, or during the entire war. He very seldom made a mistake. It is due to the truth of history and to the faile of Mr. Lincoln flust these things abouid be corrected. Mr. Lincoln, judge Campbell, General Weitzel and General Duff Green are all in their graves, and it is not fair to the memory of these men, when there is nobody to counteract it, for every scribbler in the country to take up his pen and write at random concerning such important negotiations as were going on hetween Mr. Lincoln and his officers who were managing the affairs of our armies in this important crisis in the history of the war.

It is very p susant and amusing reading to sit down of a Sanday alfarnoon, and read the description of that boy sense, from the United States gunboat Malvern, taking the trotting horse and the fruit wagon, and dashing through the streets at the rate of a mile in three minutes, to correct a blunder that Mr. Linc

THE VOYAGE OF MAGELLAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Copyright, 1885.

O Magellan! mighty master! sleepless soul no Pope could

tume! On the heavens and on the Ocean you have left your shining name; Brightly shall it burn for ever, o'er the waters without

Proving Pope and Priests still liars, while the wondrous world is round!

Let the cowls at Salamanca cluster thick as rook and daw, Let the Pope with right hand palsied hurl his thunder-

bolts of straw: Heaven and ocean, here and yonder, put their dreary dreams to shame— Earth is round, and high above it shines Magellan's

. Troublously the Ocean labors in a last surcease of pain, While a soft breath eastward blowing wafts us gently on again. Nearer to the edge of darkness where the flat earth ends

(men swear), Where the black abyss must open, gulf in gulf of empty air! Creeping silently our vessels enter wastes of hideous

weed, Slimy growth that clings around them, tangle bearing Purpling all the waters, making floating isles of inky

While the pallid seamen, pointing, shrick in dread, and ery "Turn back!"

On the Trinitie Magellan stands and looks with fearless Fools, the world is round !" he answers : " onward still

our pathway lies! Tho' the gulf of Heil gaped yonder, tho' the earth were ended there, ended there, would venture calmly onward, facing Death and Death's despair!"

Days and nights of deeper darkness follow-then there comes the cry,
"He is mad-Death waits before us-turn the ships, and

let us fly !"
Storm of mutinous anger gathers round the Captain storn and true, Near the foremast, flercely glaring, flash the faces of the

One there is, a savage seaman, gnashing teeth and waving hands, Strides with curses to the Captain where with folded

arms he stands,—
Turn, thou madman, turn;" he shricketh—scarcely hath he speke the word, Ere a bleeding log he falleth, slaughter'd by his leader's

"Fools and cowards!" cries Magellan, spurning him with armed hoel, "If another dreams of flying, let him speak-and taste

my steel!

Like caged tigers when the Tamer enters calmly, shrin the band. and sword in hand.

O Magellan! lord and leader!-only He whose finger frame Twisted thems of pard or panther, knot them round their hearts of flame, Light the emeralds burning brightly in their eyeballs as

Could have made that mightier marvel, thine inexorable

Onward, ever on, we falter-till there comes a dawn of day Creeping ghostly up behind us, mirror'd faintly fa away, While across the seas to starboard loometh strangely land

or cloud-' Land to starboard!" cries Magellan-" land!" the sea men call aloud.

morning grow; Fades the land, while in our faces chilly fog and vapo blow: Colder grows the air,-and clinging round the masts and stiffening sails

Freezes into crystal dewdrops, into hanging iciclest Suddenly arise before us, phantom-wise, as in colinse. leebergs drifting on the ocean like innumerable ships in the light they flash prismatic as among their throng

we creep, Crashing down to overwhelm us, thundering to the thund'rous deep! Towering ghostly and gigantic, midst the steam of their

own breath, Moving northward in procession in their snowy shrouds of Death. Rise the bergs, now overtoppling like great fountains in

the air. While along their crumbling edges slips the seal and steals the bear. With the frost upon his armor, like a skeleton of steel,

head to heel; Loud his voice rings thro' the vapors, ordering all and leading on, Till the bergs, before his finger, fall back ghostlike, and

Stands the Master, waiting, watching, clad in cold from

Once again before our vision sparkles Ocean wide and free, With the sun's red ball of crimson resting on the rim of

are gone!

sea;"Lo, the sun!" he laughs exulting-"still he beckens far away-Earth is round, and on its circle evermore we chase the

As he speaks, the sunset blackens. Twilight trembles thro' the skies. For a moment—then the heavens open all their starry Suddenly strange constellations flash from out the fields

of blue-Not a star that we remember, not a splendor priestcraft knew ! Sinking on his knee, Magellan prays, " Now Glory be to God!

To the Christ who led us forward on His wondrous watery road! See, the Heavens give attestation that our search shall

yet be crowned. Proving Pope and Priests still liars, and the merry world

It was taught by the Church, in those times, that the Earth was flat like a plate, and Mugellan's mariners, when they encountered the weeds of the southern waters, believed they were approaching the earth's edge, and might-sail over!

CURRENT ANECDOTES.

THE NEW SENATOR. Washington letter to The Cleveland Plain Dealer, the new Republican Senator from Wisconsin considerably below medium stature—in fact, rather a spacer in size. Although there does not seem to be thing the matter with his brain, his physical appeared does not impress a stranger with a sense of greater of the points. Naturally he is a little sensitive on this points other day while sliting in a newspaper office here was introduced to a gentleman as "Colonel Spooner, Wisconsin."

he was introduced to a genericitian as of Wisconsin."

"Ah! glad to know you. Are you a relative of the new Senator of that name "

The mutual friend hastened to explain that the Colonel and the Senator were identical. The gentleman looked at Spooner in a half-incredulous sort of way, as if sizing him up and judging him by the standard of a tape line. He at the same time begged his pardon in a tone that poorly concealed his surprise. The newly fledged statesman could stand it no longer, and exclaimed with some petulance:

Senator I' THE BANTAM GRANDMOTHER.

Prom The Audama Constitution.

Ordinarily a new-born chicken will follow any hen, and any hen will cluck and scratch for any new-born chicken in not over a day or two old, but not so with five little bantams recently hatched in Justice Poe's honnery. His little boy, Harry, possessed a very beautiful little brutam hen, which was prized for its beauty and gracorniness, but no sooner had she served ber time on the nest, and came strutting forth with the five little beauties, than her worldly existence came to an end.

In this dilemma Harry tried to get another hen to be tender and true to the little orphans, but it remained for the grandmother of the orphans to assume this responsibility. The grandmother was herself on a nest and trying to raise another brood, but readily gave up the prospects and began to care for grandehildren and shows unusual affection and sympathy for the orphans.

From The Nasheille An From The Nonheille American.

A High School girl in a West End car, yesterday afternoon, tool: a flat oxidized silver box from her hand-bag, carefully removed the cover, pinched a few grains of snuff-colored powder on the pink tips of her dainty fingers, and pushed it up her nostrils with a dexterous grace that a confirmed snuff-taker would have cavied. Half a dozen passengers stared at her in amazement. She smiled placidly, brushed off her upper lip with a lace handkerchief, and remarked to her companion:

"Oh. Tve such a cold."

"So've I," was the meck response.

Off came the cover again, the silver box was passed over as a man hands out a paper of tobacco and another jinch of the brown powder vanished up another charming little nose. Both girls sneezed once, very mildly, and not off the car.

A fashlonable jeweller said: "We have frequent calls for sunif-boxes, silver and gold ones, from young men as well as young wonne. It is simply what you might call a 'notion.' I can't say whether anything is put in the boxes, but I do know that young people buy them and carry them."

A druggist said: "Oh, no; it wasn't snuff. The girls

boxes, but I do know that young people buy them and carry them."

A druggist said: "Oh, no; it wasn't snuff. The girls have an idea that it is fashionable to carry those boxes, and natarally crough they want something to but in them. Genuine fermented tobacco saulf would make them siek. We mix them up a harmless compound, perfamed like sachet powder, put in a little pearlash to keep it damp, and just enough Scotch yellow to tickle them a little and make them succee. When a girl puts one of those boxes on the coun'er and says that she wants something to clear a cold in the head, we know what she means."

A CANARY BIRD'S BACCHANAL SONG.

A CANARY BIRD'S BACCHANAL SONG.

From the Mulecules Evening Wisconsin.

A tiny yellow-feathered canary bira stopped eating hemp seed, and began coviding its head on one side, then scratching its bill with one claw, the bird began to sing in flute-like tones, "We won't go Home 'till Morning.'

Every note was as true and prompt as a French music box. Despite the animated appearance of the songster, it was so unnatural to hear the roystering song of the bacchanals chanted by a canary, that the bystander looked suspictously around to find the music box which was playing the tune. The bird belongs to L. D. Stebbins, the watchmaker, on Wisconsin-st., and he explained the modus operandi by which the little songster acquired its surprising faculty.

He said that the bird had been bred by himself, being a common canary. The parent birds were chosen with reference to volume of voice and quality. "As soen as the bird was born," he said, "the education was begun. A mouth organ was the education was before the education was carly it was eight months before the education was completed. The bird can sing: 'We Won't go Home 'till Morning,' faultlessly, but there its acquirements end, It has never heard any other song. That true was played at the bird three times a day on an organ. It is a common canary, and is valuable on account of its superior education, in somuch that I was offered \$45 for it a few days ago. Increase of the control of the control of the superior education, in somuch that I was offered \$45 for it a few days ago. Increase end of the control of the superior education, in somuch that there is nothing lost by educating them."

While Miss Maude Oswald, an aerial performs with Forepaugh's Circus, was performing last inght on the trapeze, suspended from the top of the centre tent, a distance of thirty-dive feet above the ground, sie missed a rope for which she was swinging and came with lightning-like rapidity in a perpendicular position toward the ground. Several attacles of the circus had been stationed in the tray peze, holding a net in which to catch the lady in case she should fall. They missed her, and she struck the ground erect and then fell forward. For an instant the autience was paralyzed with terror, and a paintal exclaimation of fright went up from the thousands present. Miss oswald quickly gained her foot, however, and with a bow assured the spectators of her lucky escape. She then retired, followed by thanderous appliance. While Miss Maude Oswald, an aerial

a bow assured the spectators of her lucky escape. She then retired, followed by thunderous applause.

THE TYRANT, HABIT.

From The Youth's 'Companion.

The Emperor William is a man of exceedingly economical habits, and the study lamp on his work-table is a simple oil lamp of a pattern such as since the introduction of petroleum lamps can hardly be met with on the table of the humblest citizen of Berlin. But it was not economy that accounts for the fact, so much as the difficulty which an old man has in changing a habit. The explanation is given by The British American Register.

The Emperor has for years been accustomed to zerow down the wick whenever he ceases writing or reading or leaves the room. When the petroleum lamps finally came into general use, the En.peror's valct, Krause, brought one and put it on the work-table.

True to his habit, his imperial master screwed down the wick on leaving off writing; and, as a batter of course, the room was soon filled with an insupportable smoke, which greatly affected the nose and eyes of the measureh, and necessitated the opening of doors and wholows.

Krause finally volunteered the remark: "No, your Majesty, that sort of lamp will not suit."

"But what are see to 6, Krause I Had we better get our oil hamp back again I you know my eyes are weaker, and require a brighter light."

"Well, your Majesty, we can have a new lamp made with an extra large burner, so as to do away with petasteum altogether."

"And Krouse got a lamp of the old pattern, had the burner cularged to an atmost colossal size, a green glass shade added to it, and to this day the new lamp, defying all innovations, asserts its place of honor on the work-table of the most diligent of all monarchs.

A FREIGHT TRAIN'S FRIGHTFUL LEAP.

Yale (R. C.) Inspatch to the Wilmington News.

A frightful accident occurred on the western division of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, fifty miles above Yale, on the night of February 25 last, no account of which has shitherto been printed. An engine, drawing twenty lumber-laden cars and a caboose, was bowling rapidly down the winding track along the Fraser River. On one side were cliffs reaching to a height of 3,000 feet, occasionally cut through by frowning cañons, spanned by high trestles. A huge bounder, lossened by the storm, had dropped from its heights at the entrance of one of these trestles, and Engineer Evans did not see it in time to prevent a collision. The engine, after striking the boulder, shot from the trestle, followed by the tender and four cars. The engine described a great are, landing across the gorge 100 feet away, and then slipping 150 feet down the slopping granite wall to the brink of the river, where it stopped.

Engineer Evans remained in the engine, and strange to any was uniquired, though both the cylinders were broken and the engine, who leaved the tender down the side of the gorge, was seriously injured, though he is now fast recovering. The four lumber-laden cars were reduced to a mass of splinters on the rocks below, while ten passengers in the caboose in the rear, which remained on the track, were uninjured save a few bruises.

on the track, were uniquired save a few bruises.

BOATMEN ASSAILED BY A SEAL.

From The San Francisco Chronicia.

Yesterday morning the bay yielded a sea mouster of strange appearance. The monster was first seen by Carl Sevening and John Peat near the North Heads at about 9 o'clock. The animal exposed a forcety mostached head, of the shape between that of a seal and sea iton, surveyed the scena, took a dislike to the boas and charged upon it. Just before reaching the boat the mensier dived and came up under the boat, lifting it and the occupants, but not capsizing it. The enemy made a second appearance on the opposite side of the boat, four feet of and was met with active battle. Peat dealt a blow on the monster's head with an oar, knocking it out for a moment, and Sevening followed with another blow which knocked the beast silly. The pair then secured the animal with the boat's painter and began rowing it, when the enemy came to time for a second round. This it began by towing the boat rapidly for a quarter of a mile. It then came to the surface for breath, when Sevening landed its allow, gaining first tolod and ending the fight with a square knock-out. The enemy turned and was towed to the foot of Larkin-st., where it took six men to land it. The animal measured air feet in length and weighed about 300 pounds. It had two flippers of great strength, which measured a foot and one-aalf in length.

Constrely that there is nothing lost by educating them."

A LOGICAL HEN.
From Leture Hour.

Every one has heard of the distress of the hen on beholding young ducklings hatched by her taking to the water. This occurs so frequently as to attract little remark, except when observed by any one for the first time. Mr. Jesse, in his natural history "Gleanings," records a singular incident. A hen which had hatched three successive duckling broods got so accustomed to the aquatic tendency of her pupils, that on hatching a set of her own eggs she led the chickens to the pond, and in surprise at their unwillingness to take the water, actually pushed some of them in, and several were drowned before the awkward situation was observed and the survivors rescued.

WADE HAMPTON'S STORY.
From The Youth's Companion.

General Hampton tells me that while on his Missiastippi plantation he saw a tame crow that could laugh and talk.
The bird would say, "Hello?" "How are you?" and everal other things of like import.

't was the most wonderful raven since the days of Ba. naby Rudge and Edgar Poe. One morning a wast number of crows assembled in a tree on the plantation and grepared for a pow-wow.
The tame bird few among them, and saluted the congregation with a brisk—

"Hello! How are yon?"
His astonished brethren scattered in alarm, as if they had been fired upon from a menutain howitzer.

This marvellous fewl of the air was to have been taken to the New-Orleans Exhibition, but its sudden disappearance prevented. General Hampton summisses that some negro shot him by mistake.

An Acrobart Faller Huller Fifty Epeet.

AN ACROBAT FALLS THIRTY-FIVE FEET.
From The Editinore Sun.

Southward steering creep the vessels, while the lights of

A FREIGHT TRAIN'S FRIGHTFUL LEAP. Yale (B. C.) Dispatch to the Wilmington News.

A frightful accident occurred on the western